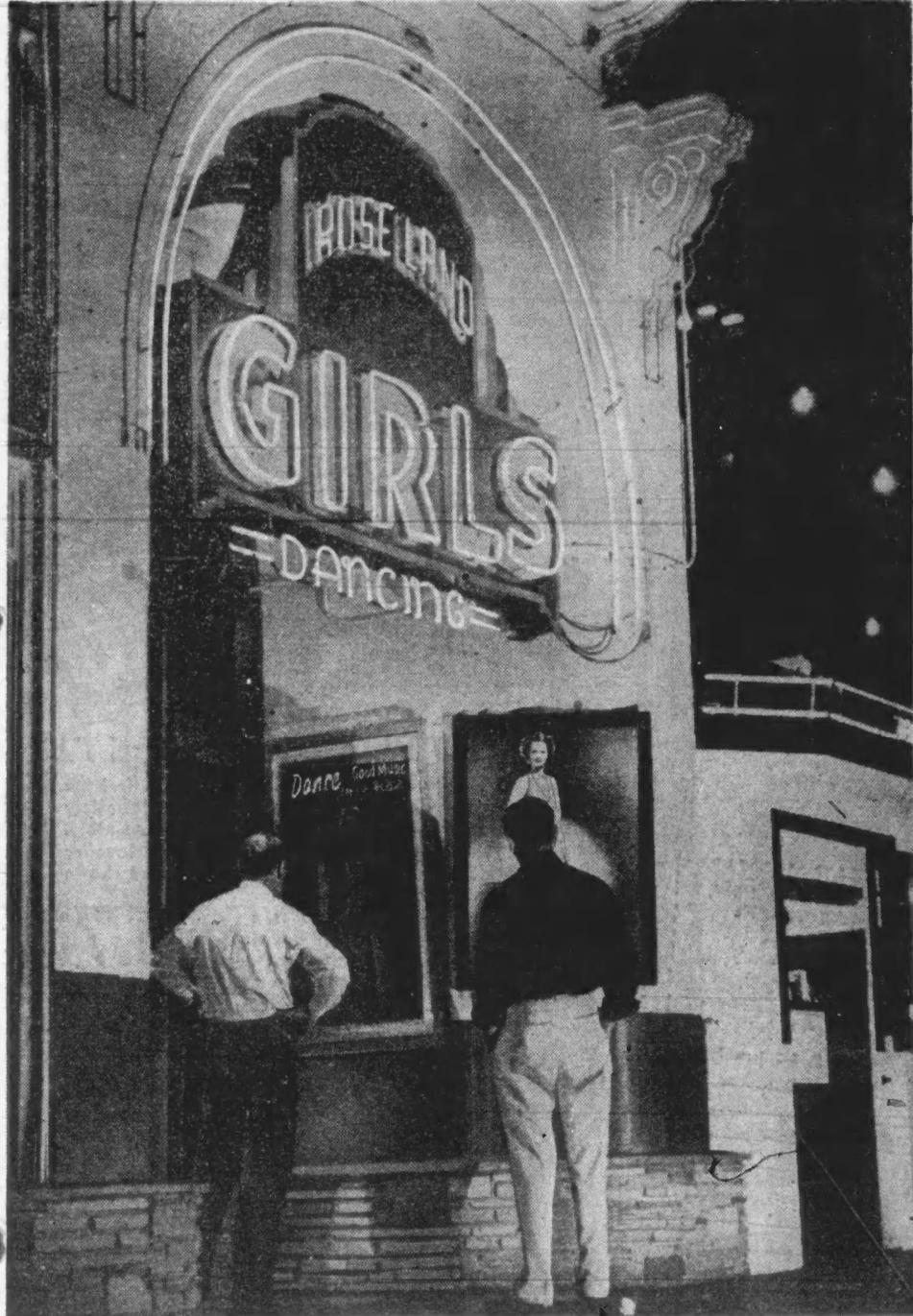


# I WAS A TAXI DANCER



"TAXI DANCING . . . SOME GIRLS THINK IT'S A WAY TO MAKE A LIVING . . . BUT IT WON'T KEEP THE WOLF FROM THE DOOR"  
"Girls, girls, girls. Four flights up the elevator at 833 South Spring street. That was my business address for five days. Whoopie!"



"A TAXI DANCER DOESN'T HAVE TO LIKE MEN TO GET THE JOB UPSTAIRS"  
" . . . but she sure has to know how to make men think that she likes them . . ."

"OH, YOU GREAT, BIG, WONDERFUL GIRL!"  
This is Helen Brush, who drew the line "at the 38th parallel"

(This is the first in a series of articles on the taxi-dancing business from the inside. It's about the girls in the dressing room. It's what the customers whisper in their partner's ear. This is the story a woman photographer of the Daily News brought back from a week on the payroll of the Roseland Roof. Never was her identity as a newspaper woman discovered.—Ed. note.)

By HELEN BRUSH

as told to

PAUL WEEKS

Whoah, grandpa, a little less romance, please. Waltz me out of this dark corner, and would you mind holding me with just a little less squeeze? Grandpa, keep that hand of yours on mine and . . .

Why, you old goat, I'll break your darned thumb off if you don't stop that!

By gosh, that isn't exactly the way I said it, but you have to give a piece of your mind to some of those fresh guys. And sometimes they don't understand the word "no"—not in 15 different languages.

The thumb business? Yes, grandpa got his bent back just a wee bit, and I guess that's the closest I ever came during the time I was a taxi dancer to having real trouble.

But he was a good boy after that—danced me to the middle of the floor, then dropped me like a hot potato (or maybe I should say a cold tomato) as soon as the music stopped.

The music crooned, "I've Got You Under My Skin . . ."

Peewee, whose nuzzling nose barely hit my shoulder, pressed tightly, as if I were so much bigger he was afraid I'd run out of control. I pulled back quickly. I saw his eyes were closed. That, girls, is the signal.

"Where have you been all my life, kiddo?" he sighed. "Oh, you great, big, wonderful girl." And, then, just when maybe I was beginning to think what a great, big, wonderful girl I really was, he said:

"You know, kid, I'm engaged to marry a girl just like you. See what taste I got?"

Yup, Peewee, now run along. I've got to wash your greasy hair oil off my neck before the next jerk grabs me—that's what I'd like to say. But taxi dancers don't give good customers the brushoff any more than shoe clerks would.

Unless they're like grandpa, of course. Then you draw the line at the 38th parallel.

"You're cute, too," I winked at Peewee.

Roseland Roof. Girls, girls, girls. Four flights up the elevator at 833 South Spring street. That was my business address for five days. Whoopie. Just a goodtime girl. Maybe some girls think it's a way to make a living—but it's certainly no way to keep the wolf from the door.

"Who do I see about getting a job?" I asked, busting into the place one afternoon and hoping like the dickens the boss wouldn't be alone.

A man who looked a little like an insurance broker with ulcers gazed out from the cashier's cage where he was relaxing, his eyes scanning me like a window shade going down and up and flapping:

"Why, my dear," he said smoothly, "I can't hire you. You aren't 21 years old yet."

(I am really sweet 16—multiplied by two.)

Well, I'd expected a certain amount of the old routine, and here it was. But, being a woman, I guess, I giggled that he was all wet, then confessed I was 25.

"Come around here, would you please?" He gestured to the door of the cage, threw a pillow at his feet for me to sit on.

(Remember the little poem when you were a kid, "Won't you come into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly: You're the cutest little fly that ever I did spy."?)

Buzz. Buzz. I went in.

"You look like you were born in August," he said.

"No, guess again," I said.

"But I've already guessed once," he answered, tilting my chin up toward him with his hand.

Well, the guessing games went on for a long time. You see, Bill Graves, Roseland's manager, is a darned good businessman. And all this routine is not a playful little chit-chat but Bill's way to get the little girls to tell the whole truth—or get tripped up telling lies.

Bill's act seems to be a combination of astrology, palmistry, phrenology and that sort of thing—all adding up to psychology.

He lifted one of my earlobes and peeked at my neck under my hair.

"You have some hidden wealth in your family and should come into some oil fields or something by the time you're 44," he said.

Oil fields, balderdash. He was looking to see if I were a dainty girl and kept washed behind the ears!

Graves double-questioned me to (Continued on Page 14, Col. 4)

MONDAY, JULY 17, 1950 . . . 3  
DAILY NEWS, LOS ANGELES—

# Diamonds real or fake are preferred fall accessories



THE SUMPTUOUS jewels and rich colors of the renaissance inspire many of the new accessory fashions for fall, as shown here in Coro's necklace and earrings of large baguette emeralds in the intense colorings of the stained-glass window print scarf by Glentex. The scarf is worn with a strapless blouse, a black velvet tube top.



TAHITI BLOSSOMS, full-blown and brilliant, are messaged on a lustrous pure-silk satin square by Glentex. It is draped in the lines of the new important jerkin. Repeating the multi-colors of the scarf is Coro's chunky necklace of real-looking tourmalines. A clip-on bracelet and earrings provide additional notes of color.



## 75th Street PTA ratifies chairmen

Executive board of the 75th Street PTA ratified new chairmen for the coming year recently.

These include Mmes. C. Ferrara, art; R. G. Nash, Community Chest; K. V. Willit, home service; B. F. Roth, hospitality; J. T. Bennett, life membership; H. T. Thompson, membership; W. H. Malone, program; H. Sandro, publications; R. D. Keen, publicity; K. Kawai, refreshments; F. K. Vaughan and W. J. Maitland, ways and means.

—SAVE! CLASSIFIED ADS—

LOVELY DIOSA COSTELLO dined with a party of three friends at the Macayo restaurant in Santa Monica, and at an adjoining table Mrs. Van Alstein was with a party of four.

MR. AND MRS. R. L. BECK, Mr. and Mrs. V. S. Hadsell, and the C. B. Harrisons have been recent guests at the Catalina Guest ranch on Santa Catalina.

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**14...DAILY NEWS, LOS ANGELES**  
—MONDAY, JULY 17, 1950

By LEE AVERILL  
(Daily News Fashion Editor)

NEW YORK, July 17.—"Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend" is the jewelry theme seen again and again in New York fall press showings. By this we mean diamonds "real or fake" are the preferred brilliant highlight in pins on tiny pillbox hats and in jewelry.

Next come all the so-real-looking puffed emeralds, sapphires and rubies worn in jewelry-styles reminiscent of the '20s as the jewel accent on late day costumes.

We had a chance to see the inspirational source of many of the season's jewelry styles in the Van Cleef and Arpels collection of gem jewelry with "icicle" earrings inspired by the fashions of the Third Republic, which immediately followed Eugenie's time.

How far this inspirational source has carried into today's styles needs no better illustration than the copy of Empress Josephine's tiara worn by Carol Channing in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," the Broadway hit viewed by the fashion press, preambled a supper party at the Plaza, where we had a chance to examine the original dazzling diadem made for Josephine in 1805.

The magnificent tiara is fashioned in stylized butterflies, surrounded by flowers and centered with a large pear-shaped diamond totaling some 250 carats of gem diamonds.

This trend to the elegant was seen as well in the showing called appropriately "Fashions of Time" sponsored by the watchmakers of Switzerland, where the daintiest of styles emphasized the fact that no one need be obvious about having "time on their wrist."

One expensive watch for formal evening wear has a precision mechanism so tiny that a match head covers the watch's face!

The "accesso-news show," highlighting the collection of Coro jewelry and Glentex scarfs for fall pointed up the importance of real-looking jewelry as well as jade, coral, turquoise and amber to accent the season's slim dress styles.

The convertible theme seen in fall coat styles carried over into reversible weeskits in fake furs, with "phony pony" the favorite. These are combined with luxurious velvet.

By the way, if we haven't made it clear before, velvet is one fabric that can't be overlooked for fall any more than wool jersey or Scotch tartans—the fabric trio that shows up everywhere and has so many interpretations in new scarfs. One will find everything this season in the Glentex collection that is needed to signature the slim frock for fall '50.

There are tiny fill-in scarfs for scoop neckline suits and dresses; long scarfs to tie through the belt a la Fath and Dior; big chiffon squares to give color accent to the evening ensemble.

These are worn dangling from brilliant bracelets worn on the upper arm.

Spanish influences in boleros, cummerbunds and jewelry, renaissance influences in luxurious colors, draped scarfs with Far East designs, all are in the picture.

Many of these scarfs are reversible so that one can add her fashion by-line to her costume in variable ways and in so doing achieve a luxury note at a "penny-for-your-ingenuity price."

—CLASSIFIED ADS TELL—

### Anniversaries

BIT OF SWEDEN restaurant was chosen as the setting for a festive dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Colton recently to observe their 13th wedding anniversary. Ten guests were present. The Coltons have lived in Brentwood for the last 15 years.

—SAVE! CLASSIFIED ADS—

IN OBSERVANCE of their 15th wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Dance were hosted at the Encore restaurant by Mr. and Mrs. Ray Weber and Mr. and Mrs. Marty Parsons. Among the guests were Fran White, Char Balding, Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Hanson, the Irving Lynns, the Brian Taylors, Mr. and Mrs. James McKee and Mr. and Mrs. Jay North.

—SAVE! CLASSIFIED ADS—

DR. AND MRS. LEONARD GOLDMAN hosted a champagne dinner party for the Harold Simons of Burbank on their 10th wedding anniversary. The party, featuring a large cake decorated with miniature candy bowling "pins," was attended by Dr. and Mrs. Fred Wayne, Larry Kindall, Mr. and Mrs. George Lowe and Fritz Adler.

—SAVE! CLASSIFIED ADS—

### NOT TEETOTALLER, TOTER

KNOXVILLE, Tenn. (UPI)—Marion Hendron was indignant when he was charged in court with drunkenness and possessing whisky. "I was drinking, judge, but I don't know anything about this possessing," Hendron said. "I drink it, but I don't tote it."

—SAVE! CLASSIFIED ADS—



### DERBY TRACK AWAITS 1950 RACES

"D" DAY MINUS TWO finds the Arroyo Seco park racetrack serving as a final proving ground for youngsters entered in the Daily News-Chevrolet Soap Box Derby. Preliminary elimination heats will be held on this course Wednesday and Thursday, with the Los Angeles champion selected after the finals on Saturday. Almost 1000 boys, 11 through 15 years, are officially registered.

with their local Chevrolet dealers for the 13th annual classic of amateur sports. The drivers will be competing for a load of swell prizes and trophies and the right to represent the city in the national finals Aug. 13 in Akron, O. Entrants may still officially register for the Derby today and tomorrow at any local Chevrolet dealer.

### Helen turns taxi dancer

(Continued from Page 3)

find out what part of town I lived in, where I went to church, how much I'd gone to school, what kind of work I'd done, whether I'd ever been married.

I haven't had my wedding ring off since I married a fellow back in 1939, but I told Graves my husband and I were on the outs and that's why I was looking for a job.

I don't suppose Bill believed half the things I told him, but then he hears a little fiction from all the girls, I guess.

(Mr. Graves, if you happen to see this, I'm the one who admitted I weighed 150, but you said, "That's all right, dearie. You've got it in the right places." Remember me?)

Some guys have soft jobs, and from what little I know about men (brother, I learned a lot of that in a week of taxi-dancing!), I'd say most males are sure they could make an occupational specialty of hiring dance hall "hostesses."

What the heck? Just know what other men want their females to look like, then make sure she's got legs that will stand a lot of shock and abuse.

A taxi dancer doesn't have to like men to get the job—but she sure has to know how to make men THINK she likes them. It's good for business if she can make every customer get the idea she's waited all night for him to ask her to dance.

Now one more thing. About this business of saying "no" to the fresh guys. Do you mean it when you say it? Do you WANT to say it?

Well, of course you do if you're a nice girl who doesn't want every guy who comes down the pile to paw all over you or squeeze you so tight you can't breathe without the artificial respiration he thinks he's giving you.

By golly, you've got to know how to sound like you mean it when you tell those little boys to go play in someone else's backyard.

Three others, sent into the mine to find their missing co-workers, had not been heard from since.

As rescue squads of 10 men each worked in relays, an estimated 500 persons—many of them friends or relatives of the trapped men—stood silently around the floodlighted entrance of the mine.

Two maintenance men, pumpman Leland Nielsen, 35, and Horace Seal, 51, were in the mine when the fire began. Byran Thomas, Gordon Meyerhoff and Clyde Auguston were sent down to bring the others out.

Some girls don't want to say it. They're the ones who make all the money.

(More tomorrow)

—CLASSIFIED ADS TELL—

### Five trapped in 7200-foot mine blaze

LARK, Utah, July 17. (UPI)—A mine fire burning at least 7200 feet underground today blocked rescue squads trying to reach five men trapped by the fire and smoke.

Little hope was held out for 38-year-old Leland Nielsen's life. It was learned that he had gone deeper into the mine when the blaze was first reported. The cramped area he was investigating had little or no air.

The other four could have reached safety in a cutoff tunnel that branches off at the 7200-foot level and drops down to 10,000 feet, mine officials said.

Rescue squads, methodically searching 400 miles of winding tunnels, were hampered by the depth of the mine and the lack of oxygen between the source of the flames and the mine entrance.

They could get about as far as 7100 feet before they were forced to hurry to the surface to replenish oxygen for their masks.

Two of the men were trapped yesterday morning when the fire broke out, apparently in the pump room at the bottom of the 7200-foot shaft.

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### Two little girls hit by cars, killed

Death of two little girls and two adults today raised the city-county traffic toll for the year to 346.

Connie Sneddon, 7, 1001 South White street, Compton, was hit by a car when she ran into the street in front of the Colin P. Kelly school on Olive street near her home. She was dead on arrival at White Industrial hospital, Compton.

The second child, Margie Norris, 7, 1805 East 102nd street, died in General hospital of injuries suffered when she was hit by a car near her home last March 29.

Mrs. Dorothy Bain, 52, of 1731 Chestnut avenue, Long Beach, died at Seaside hospital from injuries suffered in an auto accident July 20 at Pacific Coast highway and Western avenue.

Owen Walsh, 62, of 3320 Baldwin avenue, was killed instantly when an auto struck him at North Main street and Eastlake avenue.

DRIVER INJURED IN CRASH CHARGED DRUNK, ARRESTED

One of two persons injured in a head-on collision at Venice boulevard and Barry avenue in West Los Angeles was arrested yesterday on suspicion of drunk driving.

Taken into custody after treatment of minor head cuts was Charles M. Ackerman, 44, film studio worker, 3724 Kelton avenue.

His car, police said, rammed an auto driven by George H. Hunt, 33, of 3456 Beethoven street, Venice. Hunt's wife, Ruth, 32, suffered a broken jaw and facial cuts. She was treated at Santa Monica hospital.

—CLASSIFIED ADS TELL—

### Army drops plans to stockton depot

WASHINGTON, July 17. (UPI)—The office of Rep. Leroy Johnson, R., Calif., said today the Army has "temporarily suspended" its plans for surplus disposal of the Stockton sub-depot of Benicia Arsenal, Calif.

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# I WAS A TAXI DANCER

This is the second in a series of articles on the taxi-dancing business from the inside. It's about the girls in the dressing room. It's what the customers whisper in their partner's ear. This is the story a woman photographer of the Daily News brought back from a week on the payroll of the Roseland Roof. Never was her identity as a newspaper woman discovered. —Ed. note.

By HELEN BRUSH  
as told to  
PAUL WEEKS

Oh, please, big boy, you're wearing out my tires on the curves. Maybe you think you're Fred Astaire Jr., but my back feels as if I'd been doing a rumba with a flatbed truck. That's it. Nice and easy. Be careful. Be careful. I broke that same arm roller skating once when I was a kid.

I'm getting dizzy, Romeo. I'm . . . I'm . . . oh, please, let me keep my feet on the floor. What do you think I am, a freight elevator? Don't drop me. Let me down. Oh, not over your head! I'm coming in for a crash landing!

E-e-e-e-e-e-ek!

Really, I didn't mean to scream. But it just came.

This young fellow had picked me off the dancing line at the Roseland Roof where I was hoofing it as a dancehall hostess. You can't escape running into young fellows like that once in awhile.

He didn't say a word, just came up to me jiggling all over to the hot music, grabbed my arm and started racing his motor.

Sometimes, the gooey stuff the boys and girls do in a taxi-dance hall is known as "wrestling" in the language of the hostesses. But that's slow music.

This was a boxing match plus a little weight-lifting. Nothing barred in the clinches, but break clean. May the best man win.

I put up a good fight, mom, but as soon as he began whirling, I got dizzy. I could see I was outnumbered.

I squealed just a little, I guess. And everyone was standing there looking at me all mussed up.

Romeo's neatly-set wave wasn't even ruffled. He still hadn't said a word to me. Just stood there and grinned. I was hanging onto his neck for dear life after the acrobatics.

"Say (puff), you're quite a (puff, puff) jitterbug, aren't you?" I managed to gasp.

"Aw, just loosen up, kid," he said, as if he were giving me lessons. "You really hang on, don't you?"

I was suddenly conscious of the death hug I had on him and stood back. Why, I felt old enough right then to be his grandmother.

Bill Graves, the manager, had told me when he hired me that I could expect all kinds.

I remember sitting there one a cushion in the box office while he gave me the rundown.

"The rules of the hall are no



ROSELAND'S GIRLS CANNOT SOLICIT DANCES  
They just line up and wait to be asked

drinking on the premises," he said. "Only soft drinks are served there at the fountain.

"The girls line up across the floor and wait to be asked to dance. They are not allowed to ask the men for dances. And if you're good, when you get a little experience at this sort of thing you'll make up to \$75 a week."

He watched my reaction to everything he said.

"If a man wants you to join him for a coke, you have to get a ticket for every minute you're with him. Otherwise, you're wasting your time and ours. Don't stay if he refuses; just get up and go back in line.

"Of course, the girls with more experience know the good spenders and do all right, but you won't have any trouble. Don't feel bad if you aren't popular at first. The girls have to get known."

"We have a dance a minute. This isn't a cheap place. It costs a man \$7 or more an hour to dance here."

Mr. Graves then took me upstairs to see the dressing room and wardrobe. He probably really got kick out of how wary I was of everything he did. But he didn't make a single pass.

"You got an evening dress, baby?"

"Yup."

"Well, you can borrow some from the company for a little variety, but you have to pay to get them cleaned and pressed."

He opened a wardrobe.

There were the uniforms of the trade. They didn't exactly look like the sort of thing you'd wear to the opera. Nothing silky or flimsy about these. They were meant for work.

I guess I sort of gasped. Bill Graves changed the subject, began telling me about his wife and his three children (the youngest, he said, was 32).

"Everyone in the family but the baby has red hair," he smiled.

Well, he got to worrying then about how I was going to get home nights (like a father would worry about his daughter) and then offered to take me home the first night until I could get a ride-sharing agreement with some of the girls.

No thanks, Mr. Graves.

But he didn't give up easily on the fatherly pitch.

"Now, another thing, tootsie," said Bill, "the girls here aren't allowed to date the customers after hours. Understand?"

Don't draw me any pictures, daddy.

" . . . And if a man tells you while he's holding you close that you're the one he's been waiting for, why, fooley. FOOEY. Five out of six of them will tell you that."

" . . . And if they get desperate and tell you they just MUST see you after hours, tell them this."

He gave out with a long, ugly raspberry right out of the left-field bleachers.

So Little Red Riding Hood gaily tucked her little purse under her arm, waved good-bye to papa, and started off through the woods to the Police department to let them make sure she wasn't Brenda Allen without the dark glasses.

\* \* \*

Every would-be taxi dancer goes through this routine with the cops:

Get your picture taken at 316

South Main street. Take three

mag shots to the dance hall detail

(that's what they call it) in the

Police department, Room 55, City Hall.

\* \* \*

They made three sets of finger-

prints, one for Washington, one

for Sacramento, one for the city

police—"for your own protection,"

said the sergeant.

I took my pink slip of clear-

ance and my social security card

back to the Roseland Roof—which

isn't exactly a roof garden but a

tinsel little dance floor on the

fourth floor of a building at 833

South Spring street.

Bring on the men!

(More tomorrow)



—Daily News photo by Gib Brush.

"YOU GOT AN EVENING DRESS, BABY?"

Bill Graves helps one of his girls pick out a formal



TAXI DANCERS MUST GET FINGERPRINTED AND MUGGED  
Officer Bob Humphrey rolls Helen's pinkies on the black stuff

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DAILY NEWS, LOS ANGELES—TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1950 . . . 3

# I WAS A TAXI DANCER



GIRLS REPAIR THE PAINT BEFORE GOING BACK TO SWEATY HANDS, WHISKER STUBBLE  
One of them doesn't work Mondays; she's too tired from doing the wash



DAILY NEWS PHOTOS BY GIB BRUSH  
FOR 12 CENTS, YOU CAN HOLD A GIRL FOR A MINUTE  
After the boys look over the line, there's a box office rush

I FELT LIKE...  
...a sack of sugar...



EVERY MAN WHO GOES UP TO THE ROOF GETS A QUICK ONCE-OVER AT ELEVATOR  
Harry Mundorff keeps a sharp eye for the sonny boys and the stow bums

(This is the third in a series of articles on the taxi-dancing business from the inside. It's about the girls in the dressing room. It's what the customers whisper in their partner's ear. This is the story a woman photographer of the Daily News brought back from a week on the payroll of the Roseland Roof. Never was her identity as a newspaper woman discovered. —Ed. note.)

By HELEN BRUSH  
as told to  
PAUL WEEKS

For pete's sake, boss, go throw your coat around Charmie. Honest, she's standing there in her birthday suit. Not a stitch. Not a stitch! As nude as the day...

Look at her toss her head back in the light and let that mirror reflection dance across her face. Are there really women like that? Arches her back, throws out her chest—smiling like Ava Gardner. The wolves don't believe it. They're standing there with their eyes on fire—like little boys after the bakery truck went around the corner too fast and dumped all the goodies right there in front of them.

Look out! She'll be mobbed. There they go!

But Charmie stood there in all her glory, untouched. The rush, was to the boxoffice where the jerks buy their tickets in a taxi dance palace at 12 cents a dance. And a dance lasts exactly one minute. Maybe a verse and two choruses.

And Charmie wasn't indecent at all—by the rulebook. She was just wearing flesh-colored bra and shorts. And big-bowed satin pink garters. And high heels. The dim lights helped the illusion.

It was Cotton Night on the Roseland Roof. Masquerade, you know, without the masks.

Mayme and Evie were sitting before the mirrors in the dressing room, repairing the paint before dashing down into the whisker stubble and the sweaty hands again.

"I don't know," said Evie, her mouth full of bobby pins, "what I'm going to do with my little boy. He's such a smart little kid. I wish we could move out of the neighborhood, those brats next door are such toughies."

Mayme was holding her mouth open, teeth clenched to make sure her dentures were clean and had no lipstick on them. "Well, why don't you move?" she said finally.

"Oh, cripes, on what a girl makes around here? It's a stinky neighborhood, but until Bill gets a job, we're stuck."

"Well, dearie, you're lucky you don't have three of them. I'm so damned tired after doing the wash on Mondays, I always have to take the night off. I'm just dragging."

The only public entrance to the Roseland Roof is by the elevator, which carries you up four stories to the ballroom.

The elevator operator is more than that. He's been on the job for

(Continued on Page 43, Col. 1)



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DAILY NEWS, LOS ANGELES—WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1950 . . . 3

## I Was a Taxi Dancer for a week

(Continued from Page 3)

Every man who goes up to the roof gets a quick once-over from Harry Mundorff. Harry knows men.

If they're sonny-boys who ought to be home in bed after the curfew, he sends them on their way as nicely as he can. If they're stew-bums full of liquor, he can handle them, too.

"I see you made the grade," Harry said to me with a smile. My first night, I had on my flame-red crepe gown with choker collar, gold sequin waist and wedge sandals. Take a deep breath, old girl, and open the

door.

The formalities were simple.

Sign your name on that line.

You're No. 17 of about 50 girls on the job.

"Keep track of your dances and collect at least every 10 minutes," said the boss. "Keep your tickets. You get 5 cents out of every 12-cent ticket. Remind your customer when his time is up."

The quickest way to get wet is to jump off the deep end into the cold water. OK, boys, here comes mother's little girl.

"Let's dance."

That's what he said. Funny. That's what boys always have said to me when they asked to dance. It's no different here. Even when you feel like a sack of sugar, bought on the open market. A commodity.

My first customer. Oh, I'd say about 37. Outdoor face. Red hair. Probably a Texas cowboy seeing the sights in town.

"My name is Helen," I said.

"Mine's Verne." He was about as talkative as a Texas longhorn steer.

"Why'd you pick me out to dance with?"

"Oh, guess I like gals in red dresses."

"What do you do, Verne?"

"Electrician out at the studios. Well, if the guy didn't want to talk, OK. We danced 10 minutes. He thanked me and walked away. But I saw more of Verne every night after that. Perfect gentleman.

I think he fell in love with me. Holy smokes!

(More tomorrow)

CLASSIFIED ADS TELL— Presidents Andrew Jackson and John Tyler each had four secretaries of state. Jackson's top cabinet members were spread through eight years, Tyler's through four.

## Curtiss-Wright strike voted

COLUMBUS, O., July 19. (UPI)—A strike threat hung over the sprawling Curtiss-Wright plant here today where B-29s are being overhauled for the Air Force.

Employees at the plant here voted almost unanimously in favor of a strike to force wage increases and other benefits patterned after the "GM-Ford-Chrysler package" plan, a union official said.

Willard Dobbs, chairman of the union negotiating committee, said the vote, taken last night, will not mean an immediate walkout. First Curtiss-Wright local 927 of the United Auto Workers, CIO, must obtain permission from Union President Walter F. Reuther to strike.

Secretaries of state who later son, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, became president include Jefferson, Van Buren, and Buchanan.

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DAILY NEWS, LOS ANGELES—WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1950 . . . 43

# I WAS A TAXI DANCER



THIS THUMB-BENDING TECHNIQUE TAKES CARE OF WOLVES WITH BULLDOG-GRIP  
"Katie, taxi dance veteran, gave Helen Brush a dressing room clinic on this

By HELEN BRUSH  
as told to  
PAUL WEEKS

(This is the fourth in a series of articles on the taxi-dancing business from the inside. It's about the girls in the dressing room. It's what the customers whisper in their partner's ear. This is the story a woman photographer of the Daily News brought back from a week on the payroll of the Roseland Roof. Never was her identity as a newspaper woman discovered. —Ed. note.)

Big Hilda had been nipping at a bottle stashed in her locker.

"Did I sock that guy? Why that —, thinkin' he could do that to a girl just because he bought a few tickets."

"The night before you came to work, honey. He grabbed me like he thought he owned the body, the dumb —. Started telling me how beautiful I was, and I could see it all coming. There we were, heading for the corner."

"I say let the girls that want to be corner girls be corner girls. Not for me. His hands started to roam. I got hold of them and put them back."

"He wasn't the kind that would take 'no' for an answer. So I pushed back and let him have it with my fist. Right on the — kiss flat. I really floored him."

"Why, these stupid —, thinking a girl could go for them. I wouldn't be seen dead with them on any street."

"What icks!"

The boss better not know you've been drinking, Hilda."

\* \* \*

Jo Anne motioned her head toward the blond with the sagging front.

"You'll want to meet Harriet. She's been married seven times. The boss expects her back looking for another husband every year and a half. He frowns on it, you know, because it takes customers away from the business."

I was beginning to get a little confidence in myself by the second night I reported to the Roseland Roof at 833 South Spring street to join the line as a taxi dancer. Maybe a little too much confidence.

Oh, a couple of guys had gotten cuddly, and one had even danced me over to the dark corner. But Bill Graves, the manager, had warned me there'd be guys like this.

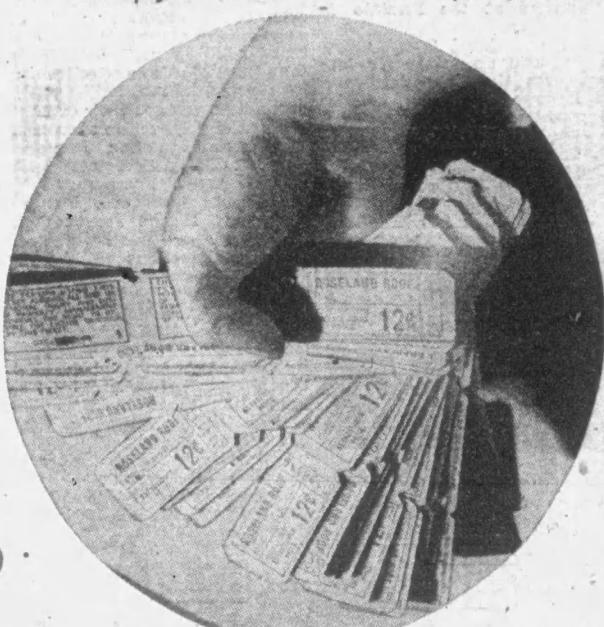
I'd lean away from the fresh ones until my back ached from arching it. I'd take the lead right from them, if I could, when they started for the corner. And if I couldn't do it gently, I'd let them know what was what.

Kate and Bertha were old-timers who did all right without giving the customers any added attractions or double features.

(By an "old-timer" I mean a taxi dancer for more than a year.

(Continued on Page 56, Col. 2)

DANCER DASHES TO DRESSING ROOM FOR ADJUSTMENTS  
Pin-up girl of Roseland Roof hostess line pins up



DAILY NEWS photos by Gib Brush.  
"MANAGEMENT RESERVES RIGHT TO REVOKE THIS . . .  
The 12-cent ticket is license to dance with one girl one minute



GIRLS LIKE TO SIT OUT DANCES BECAUSE THEY GET PAID JUST THE SAME  
Taxi dancers often get advice from the wolves to "watch out for the wolves"

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How Had Accounts With \_\_\_\_\_

N-7-30-66

Park Free Park in any auto lot,  
Le Roy's will pay the charges.

## Says Batwin 'brains' in gem robbery

Paul A. Batwin, 26, a manufacturing jeweler, today was accused by one of his alleged accomplices of master-minding a \$49,000 Beverly Hills jewel robbery.

Batwin, on trial in Santa Monica Superior court on robbery charges, heard Daniel J. Apple, 30, testify that he and Batwin visited a jewelry store at 322 North Rodeo drive several days before it was held up last March 31 by Claude W. Wilson and James M. Pratt.

"We planned the robbery and I drove the get-away car," said Apple. "Batwin helped us divide the loot."

Judge Orlando H. Rhodes advised the jury to regard Apple's testimony with reserve.

Wilson, who pleaded guilty, is now awaiting sentence. Pratt is still being sought by police.

—SAVE! CLASSIFIED ADS

## Dancer dies of heart attack

Phillip H. Thorne, 62, 11307 Larch avenue, Hawthorne, was dead today of a heart attack suffered while he was square dancing at the Inglewood High school.

His wife said Thorne complained of being tired and went to the sidelines to sit down. A few moments later he toppled from his chair dead.



(ADVERTISEMENT)

## I Was a Taxi Dancer for a week

(Continued from Page 3)

Most of the girls last just a few weeks. The turnover is terrific. But, as the elevator man, Harry Mundorff, used to say, "That's good for business, too."

"You don't have to be a corner girl unless you want to," Kate said. "You can build up a clientele of steady customers, anyway. But get this, Kiddo, you're in for trouble if they see you dancing in the corner with someone when they know that you don't allow them to do it."

Then we had a little clinic right there in the dressing room on how to handle the wolf with the bulldog grip. It reminded me of my old days in Red Cross life-saving classes when they showed you how to break the hold of a drowning person.

"When their hands get to traveling, just grab a thumb like this," said Katie, demonstrating on me all too effectively, "and bend it back."

You can also use your knee, Bertha explained. But I won't go into that here.

\* \* \*

I had trouble with only one of them the second night, and I remembered what the girls had told me.

The trouble was with my husband.

The silly fool, I told him to stay away from Roseland while I was getting the material for this story, because I was afraid he'd rush up and take a look at some wolf I might be dancing with.

That would give it all away. Everybody—the girls, the boss, the customers—thought I was a switchboard operator currently between switchboards.

But there was this husband of mine, asking me like an innocent, tousled-haired boob just in from Hayes Junction, for a dance. We glided away.

He put his lips to my ear, crushed me against him, and said,

"Feel this." I knew immediately what it was. He had concealed a miniature camera under his necktie to steal some candid shots.

But his foolish way of telling me about it just about made me blow my top.

Holy cow. Think of the customers whose eyes I could feel burning into me as this partner gave me a squeeze. They'd think I only did this with certain customers.

Honest, I was mad at him. I shoved him back on his heels.

"Look, mister, you do that again and I'll get out and walk." He was kind of hurt and surprised.

Verne was the first customer I ever had. Remember the strong, silent studio electrician I told you about earlier?

"Who was that guy?" said Verne after my husband returned to the line. I hadn't noticed that Verne had come up for the second night in a row.

"Some jerk," I said.

The strong, silent man's silence returned. Honest, I think he was brooding. He held me tight while we danced five dances, then suggested we sit a few out.

A taxi dancer appreciates this, because she still collects a ticket a minute the same as if she were hoofing it.

The silent man began to talk. He was a bachelor. Made \$500 a month. Had a Hollywood apartment. Thought "most women" were chiselers. Said I should watch out for the wolves. Said I should never fear he'd get fresh "because I wouldn't of come back to dance with you if I knew you were a corner girl."

I noticed Verne had slicked up in his Sunday best the second night.

For a time that added up to \$2.40 worth of tickets, Verne sounded like a man working up to a proposal of marriage. But he never got there.

"Sometime I'd like you to come

out to my house and see my dog," he said.

And then he went home to go to bed because electricians have to get up early.

Mmm. Let's see. My cut out of \$2.40 worth of tickets is an even dollar.

\* \* \*

The tinsel never fades. The silver, the blue, the red hang from the ceiling like a year-around New Year's Eve party, a party from which they forgot to take down the decorations.

Two colored spotlights play on a mirrored ball that turns in the slight air movement and speckles the floor with tiny light beams.

Fluorescent tubes of light trail across the ceiling above the line,

trying to dab glamor onto tired faces and figures.

The bald-headed geek who comes up every night, sits at a table, drinks coca colas—but never gets up nerve enough to ask a girl to dance—droops his chin over his big chest and clasps his hands over his round tummy.

He's sound asleep.

(More tomorrow)

—SAVE! CLASSIFIED ADS

## Fire station hit by auto flooded

Firemen in the Lynwood station at Atlantic and Century boulevards got a rude awakening and a damp one today when a car plowed into the side of the building, breaking the lead water main as it did so.

The driver of the car, William Heien, 5213 Clark street, Compton, was not hurt but his car was a mess. The station was flooded.

Heien was given a ticket for driving a car that was mechanically unsafe—to wit, no brakes.

About two-thirds of the timber cut in Japan is burned as fuel, with about half of this amount being first converted into charcoal.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

# I WAS A TAXI DANCER



SOME NIGHTS YOU COULD WEAR A SACK AND COULDN'T BEAT OFF THE CUSTOMERS  
But there are slow nights, too, and the girls wonder why the jerks just sit and look and look and look . . .

(This is the fifth in a series of articles on the taxi-dancing business from the inside. It's about the girls in the dressing room. It's what the customers whisper in their partner's ear. This is the story a woman photographer of the Daily News brought back from a week on the payroll of the Rose-Land Roof. Never was her identity as a newspaper woman discovered. —Ed. note.)

By HELEN BRUSH  
as told to  
PAUL WEEKS

"Oh, baby, let me tell you the news!"

Juney's eyes are shining like a June bride's. Look. She can't hold that lipstick, she's so shaky. Juney's a good, clean kid. I wonder why she ever became a taxi dancer? Why, the little thing's bursting with happiness. Come on, give Juney.

"Oh, baby, let me tell you. Oh, boy! Neddie and I are going to get married, and I'm quitting Friday. Isn't that keen, baby?"

See? I was right about that bride business. You can tell some now.

"Gee, baby, I gotta make Neddie quit buying any more dances. His money is my money now, too. We don't have much money. I got to tell the others. Hey, Hilda, baby . . . hey, Anna . . . let me tell you the news . . ."

Neddie isn't a customer any more. He's a member of the family.

Oh, baby.

Slow night. Look at the jerks! Now they have two kids, and standing over there. Why don't they ask somebody to dance? A gal has to make a living, doesn't she?

But they just look and look and look. One with his hands on his hips as if he were judging heifers at the stock show.

That guy with his arms folded and all slouched against the pillar. You big hick, why don't you quit drooling and start dancing?

Lissa felt she'd been talking too much. "You've got your own troubles. Why should you hear about mine?"

I offered her some of my tickets, although I'd had a bad night, too. She wouldn't take any. We went back to the line together. We both smiled harder than ever.

Duck! There's one of my old high school teachers. He's retired now. Girls say he's a steady customer. I hope he doesn't see me.

By the time I'd put in a few days as a taxi dancer, I got over being shocked at what I saw. But I never got over a million complexes that suddenly developed. Maybe the show was going over all right, though.

Alvina was a new girl, started a couple of days before I did. She was a sewing machine operator in a garment factory days, a taxi dancer nights.

"Gosh," said Alvina, combing her long, chestnut hair, "I wish I could feel as much at home as you do on that floor. I'm scared

Wallflower complex, heck. Lissa needed the cash.

Five years ago a young guy

came dancing. Lissa found business was a pleasure. (Just like Juney did.) Lissa married him.

(Continued on Page 18, Col. 5)



DAILY NEWS PHOTOS BY GIB BRUSH  
MANAGER BILL GRAVES CHECKS THE TAKE IN TICKETS OF ONE OF THE POPULAR GIRLS  
Out of every 12-cent dance check, the hostess gets her 5-cent cut

## Council adopts vivisection ordinance; issue on ballot

City councilmen had their cake, pointed out that the lack of dogs and cats was seriously hampering their work.

Dr. Thomas J. Haley, chief of the Atomic Energy commission's pathology project at UCLA, testified that "some of our work has been delayed nine months" because of an inadequate supply of experimental animals.

Another atomic researcher, Dr.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 5)

SAVE! CLASSIFIED ADS

## Meat price gets out of bounds

Price of meat in Southern California has zoomed up 22 per cent since January and it may go on to astronomical levels unless controls are put into effect.

This alarming forecast was made today by Philip R. Melnick, executive secretary-manager of the Meat Dealers Association of Southern California, who described the local meat situation as completely out of bounds.

In just the last couple of weeks, beef prices have jumped 7 to 9 cents a pound, with emphasis on the steaks, roasts and chops that are in greatest demand, he said.

Pork prices should be moderate now because there is an ample supply of pigs, but they have been shovved up artificially because of the run on beef, Melnick reported.

He ascribed the situation to two causes: a shortage of cattle produced by profit-seeking livestock men who sent their breeding stock to market, and panic buying by the consumer public.

Melnick said there now are only about 8,000,000 head of cattle on the range, half as much as normal. Stock which should have been held back to breed was

(Continued on Page 49, Col. 3)

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DAILY NEWS, LOS ANGELES—FRIDAY, JULY 21, 1950 . . . 3

## Rites tomorrow for 1920 Games athlete

Funeral services for Richard Louis Trewelke, who competed in the high jump and broad jump for the United States in the 1920 Olympic Games, will be held at 10 a.m. tomorrow at Forest Lawn. Trewelke died yesterday in the Veterans hospital in Sawtelle. His home was at 1218 Alhambra road, Alhambra.

## Set stage for big Soap Box finals tomorrow

(Continued from Page 2)

Clack, 13, 2904 Perkins lane, Redondo Beach, 24.72; Ray Guerra, 14, 1022 Anderson way, San Gabriel, 24.66; Roger Boyvey, 14, 1139 West Central street, Newport Beach, 24.34; Tom McAnany, 14, 11511 Menlo avenue, 24.33.

Don Young, 13, 1418 Dunsmuir avenue, 24.63; Larry Hamilton, 14, 2029 Workman avenue, 24.60; Robert Feltham, 13, 321 North Ivar street, Temple City, 24.62.

Phillip Smith, 15, 11845 Virginia avenue, Compton, 24.35;

Bob Emmerling, 14, 5508 Buchanan street, 24.22; Gregory Varina, 14, 1507 West Pico boulevard, 24.86; Edward Anderson, 14, 4511 North Figueroa street, no time; Gordon Gerson, 13, 2710 Wabash avenue, 24.73.

Frank Parrish, 13, 4720 Santa Ana street, Bell, 24.46; Danny Saunders, 13, 15923 California street, Paramount, 24.29; Laurence Jones, 15, 2110 Bales street, Compton, 24.66; Pat O'Brien, 14, 647 West 60th street, 24.07.

John J. Knott, 13, 921 North Ridgewood place, 25.76; Jimmy Barnes, 15, 3744 Greenwood avenue, Venice, 24.78; Douglas Rhodes, 13, 2010 Seventh street, San Fernando, 24.75; Kenney Stout, 14, 15808 East Cypress street, Baldwin Park, 25.33; Cliff Wheeler, 14, 15718 Romar avenue, San Fernando, 24.20.

Dean Holt, 14, 625 South Lemon road, Walnut, 24.70; Don Horn, 13, 2637 Longwood avenue, 25.20; Eugene Carl, 15, Route 1, Box 78A, Yorba Linda, 24.58; Joel Habener, 13, 217 East Water street, Anaheim, 24.10; Bob Guerrero, 15, 8722 South Hickory street, Bakersfield, 24.29.

Richard Greer, 14, 1359 East Grand street, Pomona, 24.27; Randall Drafton, 14, 2225 Seventh street, La Verne, 25.41; Mike Dohrse, 15, 1139 Justin avenue, Glendale, 24.72; George M. Jordale, 24.69; Donald Bauermeister, 13, 359 East Jefferson street, Pomona, 24.85.

John Lee Scholtena, 15, 8048 El Manor street, Westchester, 24.68; Phillip Stone, 13, 3337 Helms avenue, Culver City, 24.45; David Burrows, 15, 751 E street, Oxford, 24.49; Joel Crandell, 14, 11231 Cohasset street, Sun Valley, 24.71; Tommy Castle, 13, 8807 Bandera street, 25.43; Tommy Sott, 15, 8814 12th avenue, Inglewood, 24.44.

Nickie Villalobos, 13, 1213 East 88th place, Los Angeles, 24.92; Bill Sheaffer, 15, 11024 Huime street, Lynwood, 24.43; Danny Garrett, 15, 8722 South Hickory street, Bakersfield, 24.29.

Raymond Taylor, 14, 687 South Mentor street, Pasadena, 24.66; John Bullock, 14, 615½ West 61st street, Los Angeles, 24.85; Don Dupuy, 15, 6043 Lankershim boulevard, North Hollywood, 24.68.

Lynn Gee, 13, 121 West Indigo avenue, Compton, 24.11; Herman Scholtena III, 14, 8048 El Manor drive, Westchester, 24.90; Mark Clemons, 13, 1547 East 57th street, Los Angeles, 25.02.

Donald Thornton, 13, 936 Alameda street, Claremont, 24.76; John Lairmore, 15, 609 West 61st street, Los Angeles, 24.72; Wayne Wheelock, 15, 71 East Peachtree street, Bakersfield, 24.29.

Carl Melsheimer, 15, 1832 South Monterey road, Alhambra, 24.73; Pat Bradford, 15, 10543 Victory boulevard, North Hollywood, 24.76; Ronald O'Neil, 13, 12200 Elmira street, North Hollywood, 25.05.

The derby demons were taking today off and will come back strong tomorrow to battle each other in the final elimination heats.

Competition will be confined classes until there is only one, left unbeaten in each, and then these two will meet for the main championship.

Leading the list of 56 Class B heat winners into the finals is Edward Compte, 11, whose time of 24.08 seconds for the run was the best recorded by the younger entrants.

## I was an L. A. taxi dancer

(Continued from Page 3)

to death, but you're darned good. Can you imagine that? Haw, haw, haw, haw!"

I guess she meant it as a compliment.

How do you figure them? The customers, I mean. What goes on in their heads? Why do they pick you out?

What about those three kids, for instance, who came up wearing their high school letter sweaters (they didn't look old enough to be college men—but maybe they were).

I watched them. For 45 minutes they sat in the back of the place, watching us and giggling and then knocking themselves out laughing at their own conversation.

Kids out on a lark. Wanted to see what a taxi dance place was like. Trying to work up the nerve to dance. Probably daring each other. Or drinking straws.

Then the big, husky red-headed one came forward awfully bold-like, grabbed Sally (the top money-maker) and two-stepped away. But he danced Sally in the front of the ballroom all the time, making faces over her shoulder at his buddies.

And they sat there dying laughing.

"My name's Jerry. Work in a store out at Brentwood. Glad to meet you, Helen. Say, you know what? I sold a box of strawberries today to Linda Darnell. Yessir. Linda Darnell. Got so doggoned excited I almost forgot to collect.

## Love finds way to jail, hospital

Love found a way today—to get Ronnie Marks in jail. The 19-year-old youth was given a six-months sentence for shooting LaVon Gassett, 17, who became his wife last Tuesday.

Two months ago Marks and LaVon were at a house party. Richard Pachito, one of her former boy friends showed up.

A quarrel started and Marks drew a gun and fired a shot at Pachito. But LaVon threw herself in the way and caught the bullet in her abdomen. She was critically wounded, and blood transfusions from young Marks helped save her life.

Last Tuesday they eloped to Las Vegas, and LaVon said he hoped the marriage would win her bridegroom leniency from Superior Judge O. K. Morton. Not so.

"You must learn to curb your temper and accept the restraints of citizenship," the judge told Marks as he imposed the sentence.

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## MINISTER GRATEFUL—OVERCOMES CONSTIPATION

"I am a retired minister and very grateful that eating ALL-BRAN overcomes my constipation. I shall boost this good breakfast food every chance I get." E. H. Harmer, 726 Lincoln St., Snohomish, Wash. Just one of many unsolicited letters from ALL-BRAN users! If you need help for constipation due to lack of bulk, simply eat an ounce of crispy ALL-BRAN daily, drink plenty of water! If not completely satisfied after 10 days, return empty carton to Kellogg's, Battle Creek, Mich. GET DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!



Major committee appointments were announced today by Dr. David John Donnan, moderator of the California Presbyterian Synod, as its 99th annual state conference opened at Occidental college.

New chairmen include: The Rev. Graydon McClellan, Santa Rosa, bills and overtures committee; the Rev. Paul J. Goodwin, San Jose, policy; the Rev. Gordon MacInnes, Wilmington, nominations, and the Rev. Joseph Ewing, Santa Barbara, judicial business.

Dr. Donnan, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Santa Monica, succeeds Dr. Donald G. Stewart.

Major business expected to be voted upon today was a plan for reorganization of the California Synod.

A committee led by the Rev. C. Warren Van Camp of Modesto will recommend that the synod be split into three divisions—southern, central and northern.

The office of state clerk, now held by a minister in addition to his pastorate, would be made a full-time position if the resolution passes. The new clerk would head all three divisions.

Dr. Donnan said he would appoint as vice moderator the Rev. Richard G. Irving, pastor of No. Long Beach Community Presbyterian church.

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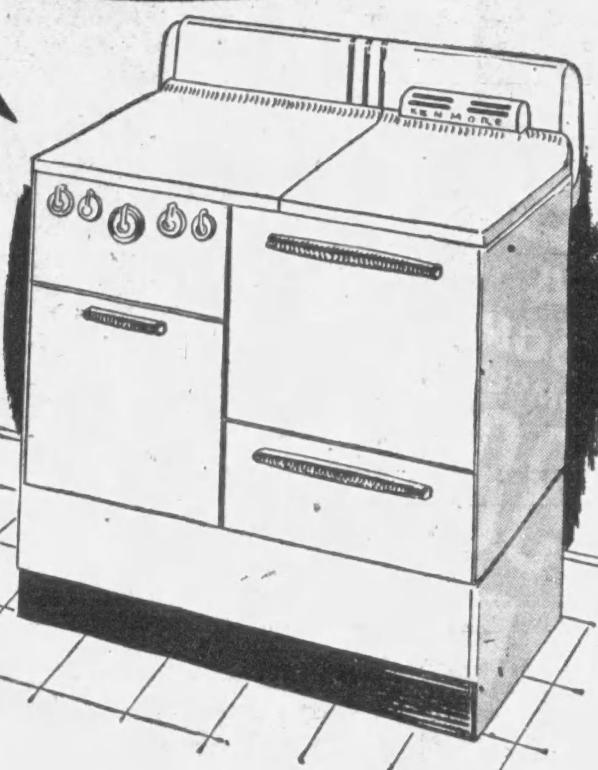
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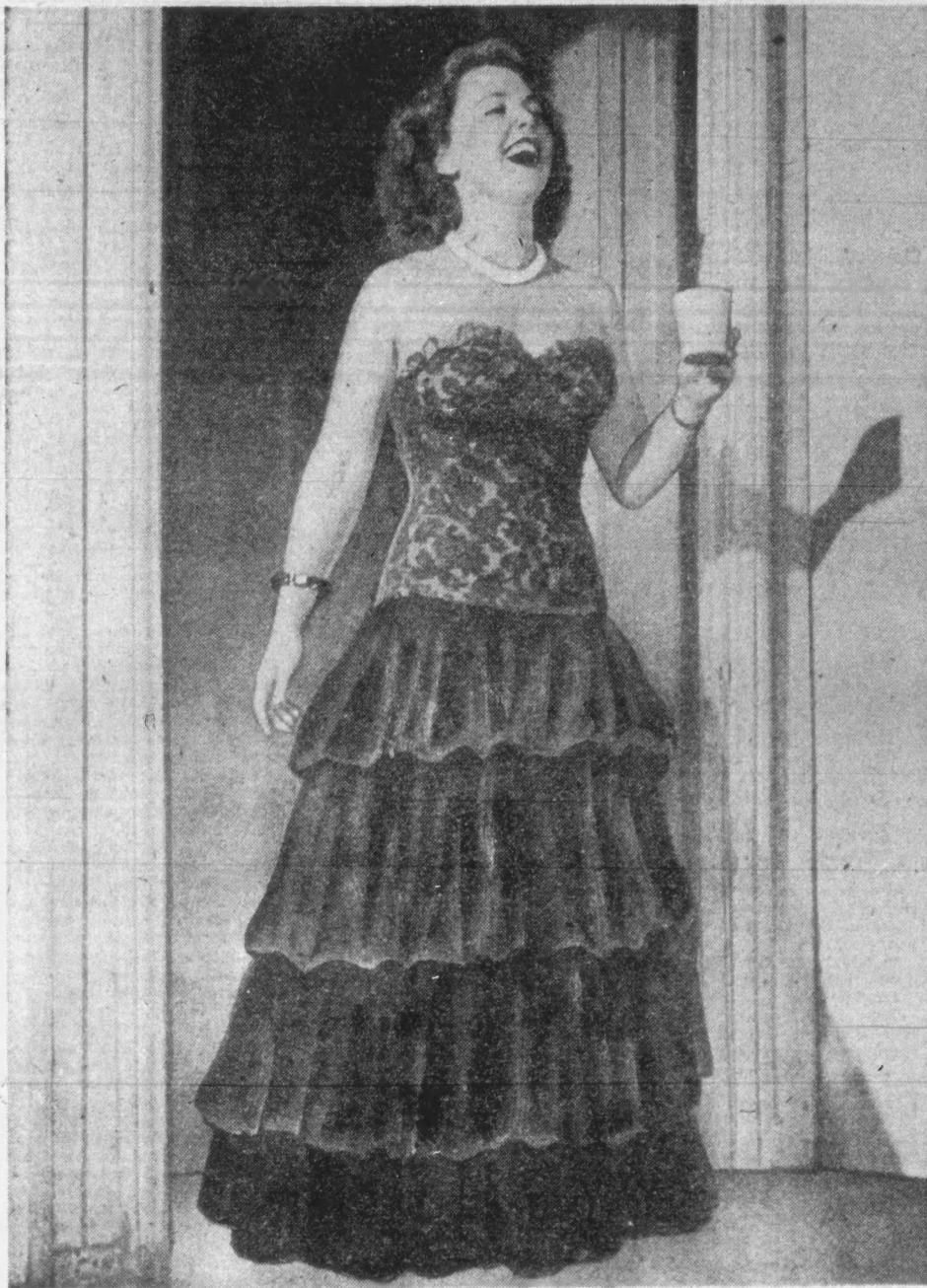
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# I WAS A TAXI DANCER



"AM I THE SAME GAL WHO ASKED THE CITY EDITOR, 'WHAT IS A TAXI DANCER?'"  
Daily News photographer Helen Brush wound up a week of dancing with \$37.70



THAT GOING-HOME MUSIC IS SWEET MUSIC TO DANCERS AT 2 IN THE MORNING  
But the fellows get just as romantic at 8 p.m.—they're paying for it

This is the last in a series of articles on the taxi-dancing business from the inside. It's about the girls in the dressing room. It's what the customers whisper in their partners' ears. This is the story a woman photographer of the Daily News brought back from a week on the payroll of the Roseland Roof. Never was her identity as a newspaper woman discovered. —Ed. note.

By HELEN BRUSH  
as told to  
PAUL WEEKS

Verne, it wouldn't do you any good to get serious about me.

I'm sorry to have to tell you this way, but, you see, you didn't show up at the Roseland Roof the last night I worked as a taxi dancer. There was no chance to explain.

But by now, if you've been reading these articles in the Daily News this week, you know that I'm in newspaper work and not a switchboard gal telling everybody I became a taxi dancer "when I lost my job."

Verne isn't your real name either, but you've guessed by now that the "Verne" in these stories is you. I had to use fictitious names for the other customers and the other girls, too, for obvious reasons.

And the story I told everyone at the Roseland that my husband and I were separated was just a story.

You were the only one in a week of partners, Verne, who seemed to get really serious, and I tried to stop it because you're a pretty nice guy. Oh, lots of guys tried to make dates, told me, "Where have you been all my life?" and that sort of thing.

But they were looking for thrills, not a wife.

So that's about it. Or are you waiting for this to end on a real, dreamy, romantic note?

Look. Contrary to the way it was back in high school, the men get just as romantic at 8 p.m. as they do at 1:45 in the morning in a taxi dance hall.

They figure this way. They're paying for it. Every minute counts.

"Look, baby, I'm having just a little party out at the house for some of the girls after work tonight. This is only the first time I've danced with you, but I'd like to know you better."

Ray was a plump, greasy character. Wasted no time.

"Aw, you're just a youngster, sweet stuff. There won't be any funny business at my place. You ride out with some of the other girls. I got a houseful of guests out there now but I got a little bored. Had to come down here."

"No monkeyshines at all. Just good, clean fun and a few drinks. You'll like the kind of company I keep. All pretty regular guys. Good members of the community. Heck, a little stuffy, if anything."

"Listen, honey, the time you can start worrying is if I ever get you out to the apartment alone."

I told Ray thanks a lot, but no, thanks. I had another date.

A date with an innerspring mattress on which to lay these weary bones after a night of this.

Am I the same gal who a week before all this asked the city editor, "What is a taxi dancer? Is she sort of like a B girl?"

Here this story is running out and I've forgotten Bob. Excuse me, Bob. A week isn't long enough in the dance hall hostess business



YES, YOU'RE ON YOUR FEET A LOT IN THIS JOB  
But, trouble is, too many other people are on them, too

to find out what makes the Bobs a deep experience, I don't plan to tick.

"Glad to know you Miss . . .  
Miss . . ."  
"Just say Helen."

His name was Bob Jennings. He was a Wayne Morse-type Republican, read New Yorker magazine, had a hobby of collecting miniature railroad trains, had a master's degree from California, loved his mother dearly (a school teacher), liked to play tennis, liked to dance.

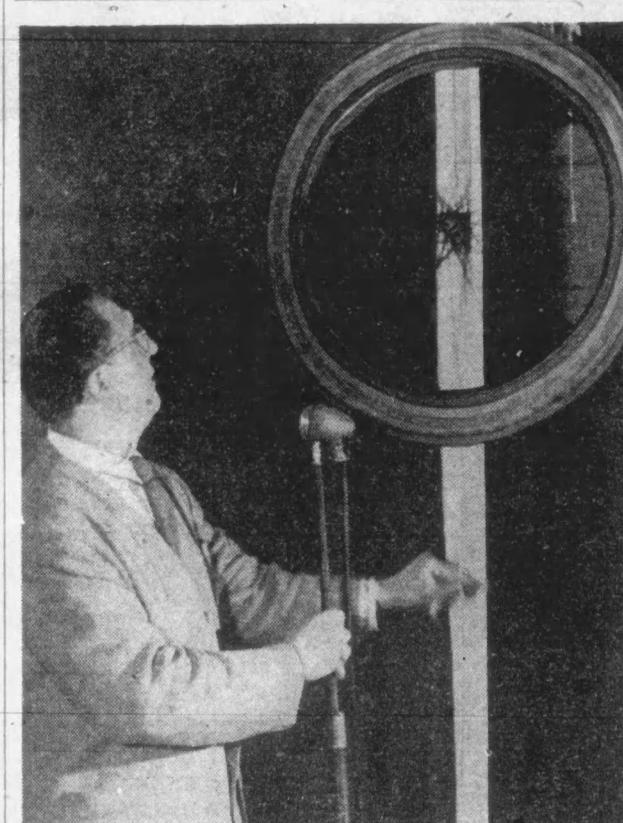
I guess he's the sort of fellow who can't find anybody else to listen to him, so he pays somebody to do it—and I was getting paid so I listened.

Now don't get the idea I have any objections to the intellectual type. But what the heck is he doing, going to a taxi dance hall to expound his ideas on philosophy, politics and so on to a ballroom hostess?

I don't get it.

Well, we've arrived at no moral to this story, no summation. I have intended none. While it was

DAILY NEWS, LOS ANGELES—SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1950 . . . 3



BAND LEADER GEORGE COSTA SPINS THE WHEEL  
Girl whose number hits gets free tickets for partner

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 6)

## Leopold back on throne, defies foes

BRUSSELS, Belgium, July 22.—(UPI)—King Leopold, ringed by guns, bayonets and armored cars, returned home from five years of exile today and told his bitterly divided country the throne is his and he means to keep it.

The king's address to the nation—part of which regards him as a traitor because he became a German hostage during the war—was firm but conciliatory.

The 49-year-old ruler appealed to all factions to forget their differences. He said that in any event a king is "an advisor placed

above the fights of parties."

"Whatever new trials the future may impose upon us—this role will be mine," he said.

The king returned to a grim and heavily-guarded city to reclaim the throne after five years of exile in Switzerland. He landed at Evere airfield outside Brussels this morning and was taken under armed escort to Laeken Palace.

His six-minute broadcast to the nation was recorded in Flemish and French. As he spoke, his Socialist opponents were preparing to call a general strike Monday.

Nine Socialist members of the council of state, a 28-man body which advises the king, resigned in advance of a meeting called by Leopold for this afternoon. The council meets only in national emergencies. It has been called

into session only twice before in 120 years.

At the same time, the six Liberal members of the council announced they would advise the king to abdicate in favor of bearded Crown Prince Baudouin, 19, who accompanied his father back from Switzerland.

Thus, more than half the council members either had resigned or otherwise made known their opposition to Leopold's continuance on the throne.

The Socialists called a mass demonstration in the heart of Brussels this afternoon. Minor scuffles between supporters and opponents of the king already had been reported.

But the party said it might have to postpone the demonstration if

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 6)

## Offer new contracts to UC dissidents

SAN FRANCISCO, July 22.—(UPI)—Special faculty contracts were readied today for 39 members of the University of California Academic Senate who refused to sign a non-Communist loyalty statement.

In a turbulent three and one-half hour session last night, the university's Board of Regents voted 10 to 9 to offer the new contracts to the non-signers, but whether the decision settled the school's long-drawn-out loyalty controversy remained in doubt.

A last minute motion by regent John Francis Neyland made it necessary for the vote to be reconsidered at the Aug. 25 meeting of the board. Two absent regents are expected to attend the next meeting and their votes could reverse the decision.

Gov. Earl Warren decided the verbal battle yesterday when he cast the final vote which broke the nine-all deadlock.

Robert W. Underhill, secretary of the Board of Regents, said he is the man who mails the contracts, and that he is going to send them to approved faculty members as soon as the forms are ready for signatures.

The professors have steadfastly refused to sign contracts disavowing Communist party affiliations. They asserted that such a statement would lead to restrictions in their academic freedom.

A special faculty committee has approved their objections to the contractual demands. The new contracts, as approved by the re-

gents, will be sent to the non-signers.

At the meeting, the regents voted 10 to 9 to offer the new contracts to the non-signers, but whether the decision settled the school's long-drawn-out loyalty controversy remained in doubt.

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 6)